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Readings Booklet

January 1993



English 33

Part B: Reading

Grade 12 Diploma Examination

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January 1993
English 33 Part B: Reading
Readings Booklet
Grade 12 Diploma Examination

Description

Part B: Reading contributes 50% of the total English 33 Diploma Examination mark.

There are seven reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Total time allotted: 2 hours

Instructions

- Be sure that you have an English 33 Readings Booklet **and** an English 33 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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I. Questions 1 to 10 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a radio play adaptation of the novel *Pride and Prejudice*.

from PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

CHARACTERS:

MRS. BENNET—the mother

MR. BENNET—the father

ELIZABETH—the Bennets' 21-year-old daughter

The time is late nineteenth century. There are five daughters in the BENNET family. MRS. BENNET'S sole concern is to see all five daughters successfully married, that is, married to husbands with attractive estates and large incomes. Small wonder she is excited by the news that reaches her one day. She relays this information to her husband when they are together with four of their daughters in their living room.

MRS. BENNET (*Excitedly*): My dear Mr. Bennet,¹ have you heard that Netherby Park is rented at last?

MR. BENNET (*Drily*): I have not.

5 **MRS. BENNET**: But it is. Mrs. Long has just told me *all* about it. (MR. BENNET *grunts* loudly.)

MRS. BENNET (*Impatiently*): Do you not want to know who has taken it?

MR. BENNET (*Drily*): You want to tell me. I have no objection to hearing.

MRS. BENNET (*Gushing*): Why, my dear, it is taken by a young man of large fortune.

10 **MR. BENNET**: What is his name?

MRS. BENNET: Bingley.

MR. BENNET: Is he married or single?

MRS. BENNET (*Slight giggle*): Oh single, my dear, to be sure. A single man, of large fortune. What a fine thing for our girls.

15 **MR. BENNET**: And how can it affect them, pray?

MRS. BENNET: You *are* tiresome. You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.

MR. BENNET (*As if enlightened*): Oh! Is that his design in settling here?

20 **MRS. BENNET**: Design? Nonsense! But he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.

MR. BENNET: I see no occasion for that—but you and the girls may go.

MRS. BENNET: Mr. Bennet, you are provoking. You know it will be impossible for *us* to visit him unless you go.

25 **MR. BENNET**: I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see *you*, though the girls have little to recommend them. (MRS. BENNET *protests*.) They are all silly and ignorant except Lizzy.

Continued

¹Mr. Bennet—during this period in British history, it was customary for husbands and wives of a certain social class to address each other in a formal manner

MRS. BENNET (*Indignantly*): How *can* you abuse your own children so?
(*With a wail.*) You have no compassion on my poor nerves.

30 **MR. BENNET**: You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They have been my old friends these twenty years.

MRS. BENNET: You have no idea what I suffer—no idea at all. . . .
(*MRS. BENNET'S wailing gradually subsides. ELIZABETH enters.*)

MR. BENNET: So my dear Lizzy has turned milliner.² I hope Mr. Bingley will like the hat when you have finished adorning it.

35 **MRS. BENNET** (*Resentfully*): We are not in a way to know *what* Mr. Bingley likes, since we are not to visit.

ELIZABETH (*In matter-of-fact tone*): You forget, Mamma, we shall meet him at the assemblies.

40 **MRS. BENNET** (*Irritably*): And what use will that be, miss, when he has not been introduced to us?

MR. BENNET (*Calmly*): I shall introduce him before then, of course.

MRS. BENNET (*Irritably*): Nonsense—nonsense. And do stop talking about him. I am sick of Mr. Bingley.

45 **MR. BENNET**: How unfortunate! Had I known as much this morning I should not have called on him. (*Chorus of "Ohs," "Ahs," and little shrieks of delighted surprise.*)

MRS. BENNET: How good it was of you, dear Mr. Bennet. But I knew I should persuade you at last. You love your girls too much to neglect such an opportunity. (*Something between a groan and a grunt from MR. BENNET.*)

50 **MRS. BENNET**: When is your next ball, Lizzy?

ELIZABETH: Tomorrow fortnight, Mamma.

MRS. BENNET: So it is. We must decide what you are going to wear.

55 (*Chatter, chatter.*) First impressions are *so* important. (*Sounds of general movement.*) Where are you going, Mr. Bennet?

MR. BENNET: To my study—and peace. (*Door shutting vigorously.*)

MRS. BENNET: What an excellent father you have, girls. . . .

(*Pause. Interval indicated by music of minuet; horses' hooves; steps; chatter; door opening.*)

60 **MR. BENNET** (*Suppressing a yawn*): You are home at last! I need not ask if you had a good evening—

MRS. BENNET (*Excitedly*): A most delightful evening. Jane³ was so much admired. Mr. Bingley paid her marked attention. He danced with her *twice*—the only creature he asked a second time. He danced once with Lizzy, once with—

65 **MR. BENNET** (*Again suppressing a yawn*): Spare me, Mrs. Bennet. Say no more.

Continued

²milliner—hat designer

³Jane—one of the Bennets' daughters

- 70 **MRS. BENNET** (*Not at all deterred*): He is very handsome and very amiable, but oh, Mr. Bennet, he brought a most odious friend with his party, a horrid, disagreeable man.
- ELIZABETH** (*Trying to stop her*): Oh Mamma—
- MRS. BENNET**: No Lizzy. I will not be silent. Mr. Darcy may be elegant, Mr. Darcy may have a fortune, but he is the rudest, most conceited creature—oh there was no enduring him.
- 75 **MR. BENNET**: Was he really as bad as that, Lizzy?
- ELIZABETH** (*Laughing*): I think not, though I had little chance to judge, for he refused to dance with me!
- MR. BENNET** (*Startled*): Refused!
- MRS. BENNET** (*Indignantly*): Yes, refused—oh, I cannot bear him.
- 80 **ELIZABETH**: Mr. Bingley wished to introduce him, but I overheard him protest. (*Mimic a very haughty voice.*) “She is tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt me.” (*Laughing.*) Mamma is quite affronted, but I find it somewhat amusing.
- MRS. BENNET** (*Very indignantly*): Amusing, huh! But I assure you Lizzy does not lose much by not suiting his fancy.
- 85 **MR. BENNET** (*Slyly*): Not even a fortune!

Jane Austen
British writer (1775–1817)

II. Questions 11 to 26 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *A Certain Mr. Takahashi*.

from A CERTAIN MR. TAKAHASHI

Yoshi Takahashi is a young concert pianist from Japan who has recently moved to Toronto. He is living in the house across the street from the narrator, Jean, and her sister, Colette. The girls, aged twelve and thirteen, are music students.

Sunday mornings during one winter Yoshi rehearsed with the Hart House New Music Ensemble. They did a twentieth-century series, which he led from the piano.

5 We had to get up early to catch a glimpse of him those icy mornings. I hopped out of bed, 7:45 a.m., into the still house and in a jiffy broke four eggs into a frying pan. The smell yanked Colette out of bed.

At the dining table, placed cunningly against the window, we kept an eye on the progress across the street.

"He's opened his curtains."

10 "There, he just took in the paper."

Yoshi had the *New York Times* delivered to him on Sundays.

"Did you see him?" Voice high-pitched and anxious.

"What was he wearing?"

15 We tugged on Hudson's Bay parkas and mukluks and prepared to shovel the walk. This was our self-proclaimed Sunday chore, whether there was snow or not.

"Don't look up, Colette, keep shovelling."

"I can't see anyway, my hood's too big."

20 Our fingers froze inside woolly mitts, and we could feel our faces crack an unbecoming red after a blast of polar wind. We worked slowly so it wouldn't be done too soon.

At last . . .

25 "He's coming!" Colette sang between clenched teeth. We weren't supposed to look up right away. Our tactics involved a cool disregard followed by sudden recognition.

"Hello, Yoshi," I called finally and waved a knitted hand.

Loping down his own unshovelled walk he lifted both furry arms (for a while he sported a buffalo-hide coat) and crossed them over his head several times.

30 "Hello, girls. How are you?" he called, face radiating that toe-curling smile.

"Fine," we chirped, grinning furiously.

35 Later, around 12:30, we positioned ourselves at the crest of the hill, where he passed on his way back from rehearsal. At that time it was a parking lot that got all the wind, and we stood, hands plunged deep into pockets, stamping blood into our toes, and waited for the raven flash of metal to swoop up to the stop sign. Our idea was that he would offer us a ride home and follow it up with an invitation to lunch. This never happened, but not for lack of trying.

Continued

When we had nearly given up I felt Colette's hand on my padded elbow.
"It's him, Jean. I know it!"

40 So fast did it occur that he would be half-way down the hill before I focused on the familiar vehicle and perhaps got a glimpse of black hair.

"Now what?"

"May as well head home."

45 At least, we consoled ourselves, we'd gotten it right: the positioning, the time, everything we possibly could have considered. One of these days he would see us. The one thought, too awful to contemplate aloud, was that he *had* recognized us—but chose to drive on.

One day Colette noticed Yoshi had left his car lights on. His battery would run down. It was a serious matter. Any decent neighbour would let him know.

50 We climbed the concrete stairs to the little house with the yellow door, our hearts leaping. We would save him from certain disaster.

Yoshi didn't answer our knock for a long time. When the door finally opened a crack we could see only his round face, bleary eyes, and shock of black hair.

55 "Hello," he said sleepily, once he'd registered who it was. "You wait here. I get dressed." Through the crack we saw him fly up the stairs in his robe.

"Rats," Colette said. "We woke him up."

We waited no more than thirty seconds before he returned.

"Come on in," he said.

60 We started to state our mission, but he wasn't interested. Instead we slipped out of our shoes and sank into the thick carpet. We were through the door, on the other side. The song began in my head.

"You want tea?" he called from the kitchen.

"Sure—please," we answered, and followed him into the little room.

65 The kitchen was clean and uncluttered, with none of the endless jars and boxes that littered each surface at home. A sumi brush painting of a Japanese maple hung on the white wall.

70 When he turned to pour hot water into the pot I mentally gauged his size next to mine. I was taller already—no denying it. But, though slender, he had a wiry body, and he probably weighed more than me. For some reason this was comforting. For the first time I felt a different kind of stir, almost a sigh of the whole body.

When I turned to Colette, her eyes glowed and she flagged a hand to her forehead in a mock swoon.

75 As we waited for the kettle to boil he asked, seemingly out of the blue, "What is most embarrassing thing that ever happen to you?"

This took some thought. There had been so many.

Was it the time he'd reached over and touched my hair saying (with a knowing smile), "Why do you look at me so curiously?"

80 But Colette piped up, without shyness, "Last year during a swimming meet at school I dived in for the three-hundred metre relay, and the top of my swimsuit came off!" She hooted with laughter. I cringed with embarrassment.

He looked at her seriously and said, "So what did you do?"

Continued

"I don't remember."

85 He didn't stop looking at her, waiting, I think, for the rest of the story. It was as if he didn't get the point of it.

"What about Jean?" he asked finally. His gaze focused bright, daring me.

But I told a harmless anecdote, calculated to cost little dignity. He laughed and said, "Now I tell about my embarrassing time."

90 "What happened?" we asked eagerly.

"Two weeks ago"—he lifted two fingers in the air—"I go to give concert in Cleveland, Ohio. And we rehearse on Tuesday Beethoven Two—you know that music?" He hummed a few bars, slightly off-key.

95 "Conductor is very good man, but so-o-o stern. And maybe I am nervous or something. What happens—this is so bad I can't believe it—on concert night, which is Wednesday, I have in my mind Beethoven Three—that is famous one everyone knows, eh?"

He hummed a few bars, waving an imaginary baton.

100 "So when conductor gives downbeat I see right away my mistake, but I think it is *his* mistake." Yoshi grabbed his own head and shook it violently. "So I make this loud noise . . ."

"What noise?" we encouraged.

He opened his mouth wide and made a rasping sound, like a rattlesnake.

105 "It is so loud," he giggled, "and hall is so quiet, because this is very big conductor, and everyone looks at me. Conductor has sharp eyes, like schoolmaster. I feel so terrible I nearly fall into floor and, you know, next day in paper critic says, 'Japanese Pianist Afraid of Beethoven'."

"That's awful!" we screamed with glee.

"Oh, well." He shrugged. "That's the way it goes."

110 He poured tea from the pot into little clay cups with no handles. We flinched from the heat but held on.

"You want to hear some piano?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" We exchanged delighted glances.

115 We trooped after him, holding our hot cups, to the studio at the back of the house. Along the way I peered at a gallery of photographs on the wall—all famous musicians: Bernstein, Ozawa, Solti, Ashkenazy—with pen-marks scrawled across their surfaces.

When I stopped to read a long message from Yehudi Menuhin, Yoshi glanced up.

120 "These are nice people," he said. "We give each other music, then a picture to remember. They all look so—what's that word?" He scratched his head in a parody of thinking. "Dignified. You should see what they get from me; this crazy guy playing piano backwards!"

125 I never figured out what he meant by that. He must've got a word mixed up; but he often did that—used an expression in an odd way. For a while people he liked were called "straightguy," all one word, regardless of sex.

The studio was a little room crowded by the grand piano and a stack of music. So this was where the work happened. We stepped carefully, reverently, through the bits of tossed score,¹ teacups, and even a set of barbells on the floor.

Continued

¹score—copy of musical composition

130 "I guess you think I need a bigger room," he said, noting our quick once-over. "But I like this; is so personal."

He sat on the piano bench, and we hovered over his shoulder. Yoshi Takahashi was about to play a private concert for us!

135 Yoshi twisted half around, straddling the bench, and dipsy-dosed through a few chords with his right hand.

"What do you like to hear?"

"Anything!"

He looked thoughtful, then sucked in an exaggerated breath. Raising his shoulders to his ears he let his hands plunge onto the keyboard, *bam*, into the opening chords of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

140 Bam-bam-bam-*baam*.

What was this? Another suck of breath and he stood up, clenching his teeth.

Bam-bam-bam-*baam*.

145 Then he reached down and picked the steaming teacup off the floor and took a sip. The pedal was still held so that the last chord resonated noisily in the little room.

We giggled quietly, still not sure.

Suddenly he spun around, wiped his forehead, and said, "I think that is enough of serious music—is *so* much work to play Beethoven." He made his face sag onto the keyboard for a moment.

150 "I bet you know this song!" Suddenly his fingers moved easily over the keys, tooting a speeded-up version of "Tijuana Taxi," humming the horn line alongside.

155 We tapped our toes shyly and watched the fingerdance, now so easy and loose, and the narrow slope of his shoulders as he bopped from side to side. His left hand rolled a few embellishments, sometimes shaking the beat around, causing a brief but definite kick.

"Wooah!" He slowed down, twisting his right wrist, making the chord

160 break into an arpeggio. Then, a pause.

"So!" His hands sprang into the air and he stood up. "Now I have to finish my nap."

At the door we paused, slipping into our shoes as he waited, hands in pockets, yawning.

165 "See you soon," he said.

We waved, said goodbye, and trotted down the steps past the still-lit car, chattering.

"I thought he looked tired; his eyes had bags under them."

"He was kidding with the Beethoven, right?"

170 "Do you really think he was glad to see us, or just pretending?"

"Yoshi never pretends anything."

And something else had taken hold. I sat with my cello and began picking out the tune, trying to imitate that surefooted dance. I knew if I practised long and hard enough, one day I would be able to join him, a fellow dancer on the

175 world's stages. It was the only way.

Ann Ireland
Contemporary Canadian writer

III. Questions 27 to 33 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE MEADOW MOUSE

1

- In a shoe box stuffed in an old nylon stocking
Sleeps the baby mouse I found in the meadow,
Where he trembled and shook beneath a stick
Till I caught him up by the tail and brought him in,
5 Cradled in my hand,
A little quaker, the whole body of him trembling,
His absurd whiskers sticking out like a cartoon-mouse,
His feet like small leaves,
Little lizard-feet,
10 Whitish and spread wide when he tried to struggle away,
Wriggling like a miniscule puppy.
- Now he's eaten his three kinds of cheese and drunk from his bottle-cap
watering-trough—
So much he just lies in one corner,
15 His tail curled under him, his belly big
As his head: his bat-like ears
Twitching, tilting toward the least sound.
- Do I imagine he no longer trembles
When I come close to him?
20 He seems no longer to tremble.

2

- But this morning the shoe-box house on the back porch is empty.
Where has he gone, my meadow mouse,
My thumb of a child that nuzzled in my palm?—
To run under the hawk's wing,
25 Under the eye of the great owl watching from the elm-tree,
To live by courtesy of the shrike,¹ the snake, the tom-cat.
- I think of the nestling fallen into the deep grass,
The turtle gasping in the dusty rubble of the highway,
The paralytic stunned in the tub, and the water rising,—
30 All things innocent, hapless, forsaken.

Theodore Roethke
American poet (1908–1963)

¹shrike—bird that feeds on small animals

IV. Questions 34 to 40 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

GRACIOUS GOODNESS

On the beach where we had been idly
telling¹ the shell coins
cat's paw, cross-barred Venus, china cockle,²
we both saw at once
5 the sea bird fall to the sand
and flap grotesquely.
He had taken a great barbed hook
out through the cheek and fixed
in the big wing.
10 He was pinned to himself to die,
a royal tern with a black crest blown back
as if he flew in his own private wind.
He felt good in my hands, not fragile
but muscular and glossy and strong,
15 the beak that could have split my hand
opening only to cry
as we yanked on the barbs.
We borrowed a clippers, cut and drew out the hook.
Then the royal tern took off, wavering,
20 lurched twice,
then acrobat returned to his element, dipped,
zoomed, and sailed out to dive for a fish.
Virtue: what a sunrise in the belly.
Why is there nothing
25 I have ever done with anybody
that seems to me so obviously right?

Marge Piercy

Contemporary American poet

¹telling—naming

²cat's paw, cross-barred Venus, china cockle—names of various seashells

V. Questions 41 to 50 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the essay “Attack.”

from ATTACK

Artists must suffer for their art, the old saying goes. But nowhere is this truism more evident than in the health problems of musicians and visual artists, who—in addition to all the vagaries of their careers—have to contend with a whole array of occupational hazards, some of which are serious enough to end a career and—in a few cases—life itself. Well-known victims include van Gogh¹ and Goya,² who some doctors speculate were poisoned by their lead-based paints.

After decades of being virtually ignored by the medical profession, artists are finally starting to get relief. Medical clinics for visual artists have sprung up around the country, as have performing-artists’ health programs, which promise to be as popular in the ’90s as sports-medicine clinics were in the ’70s and ’80s.

“There’s a lot more concern about hazards in the arts now,” points out Michael McCann, PhD, a certified industrial hygienist and the founding executive director of the Center for Safety in the Arts, in New York City. “In the past, health professionals wouldn’t take artists seriously and didn’t realize that the chemicals they’re using are the same chemicals used in industry.” McCann’s pioneering organization has pushed for the labeling of artists’ supplies and for education about safer working conditions, and it offers a referral

service to those seeking medical attention. McCann reports that he has seen “brain damage in silk-screen artists; peripheral nerve damage in the hands, arms, and feet of commercial artists; asthma and other respiratory problems in potters and photographers; chemical pneumonia in jewelers using cadmium silver solders; and lead poisoning everywhere the metal is used—among potters, enamelists, stained-glass artists, and painters using lead pigments.” Toxins can enter the artist’s body through accidental ingestion, contact with the skin, or inhalation of fumes.

Recent improvements in labeling laws, such as the Labeling of Hazardous Art Materials Act, passed by Congress in 1988, require manufacturers to clearly indicate long-term, as well as short-term, health hazards caused by their products. And as artists are becoming educated about the dangers, many are enforcing stricter working conditions in their studios. McCann says his organization has been contacted by numerous young people who became ill while working for another artist: “I remember we got a call from one of Andy Warhol’s assistants who had gotten sick from the silk-screening.”

Sometimes even the knowledge of possible toxicity doesn’t prevent artists from throwing caution to the wind while in the throes of the creative spirit. “Artists tend to be

¹van Gogh—Dutch painter (1853–1890)

²Goya—Spanish painter (1746–1828)

Continued

very curious, creative people who will try anything at least once,” confirms Allen Denio, PhD, a professor of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin. Over the years Denio has encountered artists working with radioactive uranium pigments and other toxic pigments containing mercury, lead, and cadmium without realizing the dangers involved.

Proper ventilation is as important to an artist’s health as bristles are to a paintbrush. “An open window is usually not good ventilation—it could be blowing the toxic fumes in your face,” Michael McCann points out. He recommends a window exhaust fan, and when using spray paint, a spray booth with a built-in fan. “Aerosol painting is very hazardous,” says Denio. “The droplets remain suspended in the air and are easy to inhale.” Denio recommends air masks that filter the air on its way to the nose to prevent inhalation of the droplets.

Silk-screen and stencil artist Michael Roman, whose work was featured in the film *Desperately Seeking Susan*, has had firsthand experiences with spray paint. “The fumes weaken your respiratory system, and it takes a long time to get them out,” says Roman. “They make you really wacky; you get irritable, and you can’t sleep.” He has switched from oil paints to less-toxic water-based paints to cut down on the risks.

McCann and Denio also advise artists to refrain from eating, drinking, and smoking in the studio—all of which can result in accidental ingestion or inhalation of toxic chemicals.

Artists who do suffer from exposure to toxins still may have problems getting proper diagnosis. “Most physicians have no training in the toxic effects of chemicals,” McCann says. “I’ve seen lead poisoning diagnosed as psychosomatic. That’s why we refer people to specialists in occupational medicine.”

Just as artists are endangered by their paints and solvents, numerous musicians—from classical pianists to heavy-metal guitarists—are at the mercy of their instruments.

To meet musicians’ health needs, there are currently twenty performing-arts clinics in the country, although most did not exist before 1985.

The most widespread health complaints among musicians fall under the category of cumulative trauma disorder, which includes a variety of musculoskeletal problems, according to Emil Pascarelli, MD, medical director of ambulatory care at St. Luke’s Roosevelt Hospital and the founding director of the affiliated Miller Institute for Performing Artists, in New York City. The injuries include overuse syndrome, tendinitis, nerve compression problems such as carpal tunnel syndrome, and the most serious problem, focal dystonia—all of which result from the extraordinary strain put on the body by the rigors of playing an instrument.

Virtually any part of the body can be affected by an overuse injury, but problems usually lie within the muscle-tendon unit, most often in the hand, wrist, forearm, and, occasionally, shoulder, according to Alan Lockwood, MD, associate

Continued

professor of neurology at the University of Texas Medical School and director of the Performing Artists Clinic, in Houston. In most cases of overuse syndrome “the delicate, small muscles that move the fingers and are located in the hand and forearm become so overused that they suffer damage,” explains Pascarelli. “This is a serious problem characterized by pain, swelling and weakness in the muscles, loss of dexterity, and possibly even the inability to play at all, or to play only for short intervals.”

Tendinitis (known popularly as tennis or golfer’s elbow), in which the area where the tendon attaches to the muscle becomes irritated and inflamed, can actually be a warning sign of the early stages of overuse syndrome. Carpal tunnel syndrome occurs when tendon and muscle swelling causes compression of the nerves passing through the wrist, which results in numbness, tingling, pain, and weakness.

Max Weinberg, longtime drummer for Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, sought help for his severely inflamed and painful left hand following the recording of the *Born in the U.S.A.* album. After numerous visits to a variety of doctors, none of whom could diagnose his problem, Weinberg went to Richard Eaton, MD, of the hand surgery unit at St. Luke’s, where he was told he had “one of the worst cases of tendinitis they’d ever seen.” Recalls Weinberg, “Over the years, I’d had this chronic low-level tendinitis, and playing on the recording sessions turned it into an acute condition. It was overuse syndrome—I’d beat the hell out of

my hands.” Following treatment, which required surgery to widen the tendons’ sheaths, Weinberg says, “I’ve made tremendous strides in my technique. I don’t squeeze the stick, and I’m really relaxed.”

“The good news,” says Alan Lockwood, “is that overuse syndrome is a very treatable condition with modifications of practice habits, periods of rest, supervised physical therapy, and sometimes the use of medications and other therapy modalities. At least ninety percent of people are able to return to completely uncompromised activity levels.”

For the unfortunate ten percent who aren’t helped by such treatments, the cumulative trauma problem usually diagnosed is focal dystonia. “The disorder arises by means that we don’t understand very well,” says Lockwood. “It causes the nervous system to lose its ability to control muscles, so that a pianist, for example, might experience an uncontrolled curling of the ring finger of the right hand uselessly into the palm while playing.” Focal dystonia, which is painless, may be very task-specific and is often precipitated by an injury and/or overuse syndrome. Pioneering treatment for focal dystonia is currently underway at the Miller Institute.

Perhaps the most disturbing occupational hazard that can threaten a career is hearing loss. Contrary to popular belief, orchestral players have nearly as much cause for concern as do heavy-metal rockers. “Sound levels of orchestra stages can be dangerously high,” according to Lockwood. “A high sound level can

Continued

270 permanently damage ears if it
occurs over a long period of
time."The best way to prevent
hearing damage, obviously, is to
avoid loud sound levels.
Lockwood recommends ear plugs
when possible, as well as the
careful arrangement of seats in the
orchestra and the onstage sound
monitors for rock performers.

280 Education is clearly the answer
to preventing health problems in

both the fine-arts and performing-
arts fields. And, hopefully, the
burgeoning interest shown by the
medical profession will result in
innovative ways of ending at least
the physiological torments suffered
by artists. As Alice Brandfonbrener,
MD, president of the Performing
Arts Medicine Association, points
290 out: "Artists have a tough enough
time surviving without having to face
injuries on top of it."

Holly George-Warren
Fame magazine, September 1990

- VI. After reading the essay "Attack," Robin writes to his cousin Jamie to ask a special favor. Read the first draft of Robin's letter, carefully noting the revisions. Questions 51 to 57 in your Questions Booklet are based on this letter.

39 Lakeland Drive
Nalwen, Alberta
T5A 2T4

January 5, 1993

Dear Jamie:

Paragraph
1

When I promised to write to you, I didn't know I'd be asking you a big favor.

Dad brought home ^{an} ~~this~~ article titled "Attack" that describes health problems of musicians and visual artists, ^A ~~and~~ after I read it, I said "Hey, here's what ^I ~~you~~ need for my Occupations report." We had to choose something we were especially ^{interested} ~~interested~~ in and even though the ^{report is} ~~reports~~ not due for ^{another} ~~another~~ week, I just got busy and wrote it. ^{How about that?} ~~I'm~~ getting an assignment done ahead of time!! Then I remembered you had to stop playing the guitar for a while because of ^{tendinitis} ~~tendinitis~~ in your wrist, and I thought "Maybe I can get Jamie's input!" ^H ~~So~~ here's the favor: because you ^{actually} ~~actually~~ experienced extreme pain in your wrist and had to have physical therapy treatments, I would like your opinion on my report. ^{So here it is!}

TITLE OF REPORT

Paragraph
2

Painters, photographers, ^{sculptors and musicians} ~~works of art and lyrics for music~~ are all ~~related~~ ^{artists} ~~to art~~. Being an artist can be very dangerous to your health. Some ^{visual} ~~visual~~ artists use ^{hazardous} ~~dangerous~~ materials, ^{such as} ~~like~~ paint, that contain lead pigments, according to Holly George-Warren's essay "Attack." An industrial ^{hygienist} ~~hygienist~~ named Michael McCann says he has seen ^{ee} ~~brain~~ damage in silk-screen artists. ^{some ee} ~~A~~ chemistry professor, Allen Denio, says that ^{some ee} ~~artists~~ will try

Continued

anything at least once, and he has even seen artists using radioactive pigments, not knowing they were dangerous. Many artists breathe in fumes from spray paints or get drops of paint on ^{their} his skin. Even an open window can be ^{risky} dangerous because the fumes from ^{their} your work can blow into ^{the artists'} your faces. These potential hazards ^{reinforce the need for} suggest that artists ^{to be} should ^{aware of} know something about dangerous chemicals and ^{to} work in ^{fume-free} safe environments.

Paragraph
3

^{Most} Musicians also face hazards because of their work. ^{Almost} Most everybody has heard that musicians in heavy metal bands can ^{go} suffer going deaf, but they're not the only ones, because ^S symphony orchestra players can also ^{become deaf from extremely} be deafened by dangerously high sound levels. ^{Almost} and most everybody has heard about ^{athletes} athletes getting tennis elbow—^{what people do not} but ^{know is that} so does musicians, ^{also suffer from this injury.} Playing a musical instrument can result in problems affecting hands, wrists, forearms, and even shoulders.

Paragraph
4

Because artists and people in the medical world are ^{becoming} becoming more aware of ^{artists'} artist's health problems, they are beginning to work together to ^{these problems} tackle all of them. Visual artists have to know which chemicals are dangerous and they ^{must} got to read produce labels, and they ^{also} must ^{their} make there-^{Musicians} work places safe. ~~Musical artists~~ must learn to loosen their grips, wear ear plugs if the sound levels are high, and rest ^{their} there hands and arms. After all, why suffer from ^{the hazards of} your art when you can find a cure?

Paragraph
5

Well, that's it—what do you think? Just one more thing—what should I call my report? Your experience with overuse syndrome makes you a critic I can trust.

Cheers,
Robin

VII. Questions 58 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the novel *Lake Wobegon Days*.

from LAKE WOBEGON DAYS

In this passage, the narrator affectionately describes the grandfather he never met and recalls his conversations with Elizabeth, the telephone operator who knew his grandfather when she was a child.

The phone sits on the kitchen counter, and before I dial the number, I wash all the dishes in the sink, as a sort of token, so this kitchen will look more like theirs, and I turn off the light. Eight digits, a six-second delay, and a clunk, then the hard burr of the country telephone. My call follows a trunk route north to St. Cloud, then north and west, takes a sharp turn alongside a narrow oiled road, and there it enters a system that my late grandfather built, which is where the call clunks. You can tell the weather up there by the sound of it: more metallic in cold weather, like a tire hitting a bump in hot weather, and of course static during a thunderstorm.

My grandfather was the leading light of the Lake Wobegon Rural Telephone Cooperative, its first president, the man who signed up investors and walked the fencerows and dug holes for the posts. The first ones stood about eight feet tall, the wire hung on a bent nail. They had telephones in town long before, of course—the Ingqvist twins, who lived for innovation, had the first, a line to their mother’s, in 1894—but it took my grandfather to convince the good country people that the phone was more than a toy. He was a tall, handsome, godly man, and so admired that when the preacher at his funeral chose the text “For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,” his neighbors considered it an insult. One cold day his chimney caught on fire and his house burned to the ground, and as he stood raking the coals in the cellar, he thought about telephones. He was not a man to take suffering as God’s judgment if a remedy was close at hand. In 1921 he rebuilt the house (without a fireplace), organized the phone company, and drew up a contract between the township and the Lake Wobegon volunteer fire brigade. In the same year he bought a Model T, his first car, and gave an acre of pasture for a township cemetery. The rural co-op merged with the town company in 1933, and a pupil in Grandpa’s Sunday-school class who worshipped the ground he walked on has been running it from her pantry since 1942—Elizabeth, who was my Sunday-school teacher for many years. When she was a child, Grandpa took her along when he walked the phone line in the spring, checking for loose or leaning posts and also watching for hummingbirds and picking purple lilac blossoms and a toad or two. “He never went anywhere without a child in tow,” she says. “He had seven of his own, but if those weren’t available, he’d shop around until he found another. He might be driving to town for a bag of nails he wanted for roofing, but he still needed that child to ride with him—he’d come pull you out of school if he had to.”

The pantry off her kitchen holds the old switchboard, still in good condition, and also the steel cabinet with the switching equipment that took over

Continued

40 from it when they went to dial telephones in 1960, but she keeps on top of things
just the same. If someone doesn't answer their phone¹ by the fifth ring, she does,
and usually she knows where they went and when they're expected, so many
customers don't bother dialing in-town calls, they just dial 0 and she puts them
45 through. If you do reach her instead of your party—say, your mother—she may
clue you in on things your mom would never tell you, about your mom's bad
back, a little fall on the steps the week before, or the approach of Mother's Day,
or the fact that when you were born you were shown off like you were the Prince
of Wales. A few customers accuse Elizabeth of listening in and claim they know
50 the click that means she's there, but it isn't a click, it's an echoey sound, as if you
and your party had moved into a bigger room. It's a wonder that she keeps track
of us so faithfully, what with her age and arthritis and her great weight. She
suffers from a glandular condition and is pushing three hundred pounds.
Nowadays five rings is as quick as she can make it to the phone, even from her
kitchen table.

55 When I talk to her, I don't always hear an old fat lady; sometimes I hear the
girl who walked the line with Grandpa in the spring of '21. I am a person she
bawls out on a regular basis, and when I call home and the phone rings and rings,
I brace myself for her "Yes?" and "Oh. It's you" and "I don't know if I care to
talk to you or not" and then the lecture. I have disappointed my friend so many
60 times. I live far away, but news of my sins travels fast and she always finds out.
She found out when I flunked out of college. And then when I got a divorce—
the worst, in her book, and for almost a year afterward she cried on the phone
when I called. Many times she has told me, "I just thank goodness that your
grandfather is dead and not around to see you now." And yet, if I ask her about
65 him, she is always ready to change the subject, a sort of forgiveness. I simply
say, "Is it true that you used to go with him when he walked the phone line?" and
she says, "You *know* I did. Heavens. I've told you that a hundred times," but
she's willing to tell it once more, and then it's spring, the sweet song of the
rosebreasted grosbeak drifts from the wood tinged with green across the young
70 alfalfa, the bumblebees buzz, the toads sing in the ditch, my tall handsome
grandfather with the sharp blue eyes and brush moustache ambles along the bank
above the road looking for the first rhubarb, the little girl scrambling to keep up.

"To me, there wasn't a thing he didn't know. Every flower, every tree.
Every living thing, he just cared about it all and he expected you to care, and so
of course you did. He talked to you like you were smart and would want to know
75 these things, what bird that is and, here, this is a jack-in-the-pulpit and—the
names of things, that everything has a name. That isn't a 'bush' over there, those
are *chokecherries*, birds eat them, we make jelly from them. I don't think that
man was ever bored in his life unless he was sick in bed. After my father died of
diphtheria, when I was five years old, I always looked on him as my father, and I
80 used to stay at his house with your aunts and uncles when my mother would go
to Iowa to see her relatives, and once I remember—it was January and *bitter*
cold—he woke up all us children in the middle of the night and told us to get

Continued

¹answer their phone—many country telephones shared a single telephone line. Each home had its own separate phone signal, such as two short rings, one long ring, etc.

dressed. Well, we did. We didn't ask any questions, we just got bundled up, and he led us out through the yard and up the path into the woods, eight children—your Aunt Flo was only four, I believe, and I helped carry her—in the dark, no lantern, mind you, just the moon, the coldest night of the year, and none of us was a bit afraid, because he was there. Not even when we came to the edge of the trees and looked up and there on the top of the hill was a wolf. He sat on the snowbank and looked at us. He was pure silver. He didn't move a muscle. In the moonlight he looked like a ghost. Your grandpa knelt down and put his arms around us and said, 'I want you to take a good look and remember this, because you may never get to see it again.' So we looked good. I can still remember it like I'm looking at it right now. I can see that wolf and I can feel his arm around me."

When I talk to her, I often feel I'm talking to my grandfather, who died before I was born, and I try not to hold back the truth, even when the news is so bad it almost breaks her heart. There is some dignity to this, though the truth is not easy. When her nephew Wesley was replacing some shingles on her roof, he put his foot on the main phone trunk line to steady himself and snapped it off and then figured if he didn't mention it, just tied the line to the gutter, maybe no one would notice, maybe it would get better on its own. So the phones were out for five hours, and when Bud found the break, Wesley said, "Oh, yeah, I saw that—I was sort of wondering what it was."

When I look at the lines I've busted, I don't sort of wonder about them, I know what I did, I know they didn't fall off the side of the house because they were tired. Still, it's not easy to say what you've done and not write up a better version.

Garrison Keillor
Contemporary American writer

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January 1993

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